WOMAN'S WORLD.

MRS. COCHRAN, WHO HAS WON SUCCESS AS AN INVENTOR.

The Progressive Woman—Newest Styles In Collars—Elizabeth Cady Stanton—The Passing of the Apron—The New Woman. Too Many Beads.

Few people living in Park Manor, one of Chicago's pretty suburbs, are aware that the quiet little woman living in unostentatious manner at 6825 Anthony avenue is Mrs. Elizabeth Garis-Cochran, a name familiar to inventors the world over, for Mrs. Cochran is herself an inventor and the descendant of an inventor. Add to this the fact that, unlike most inventors, Mrs. Cochran has herself handled her inventions, managing and attending to the smallest details of the large business she controls, and one sees an interesting personality in the bright faced, dignified woman.

Mrs. Cochran's chief invention, a dish washing machine, occupied a conspicuous place in Machinery hall during the

MRS. ELIZABETH GARIS-COCHRAN.

World's fair, both because of its intrinsic value and the fact that it was the only exhibit there invented by a woman.

Mrs. Cochran's inventive faculty comes as a natural inheritance, she being the lineal descendant of Fitch, the steamboat inventor. Early environment, no doubt, has also been a strong factor in the bent of this woman's genius, her childhood having been spent amid the surroundings of mills and mill machinery in towns along the Ohio river. Her father had charge of woolen, grist and saw mills, and it was among the flying wheels of these that the little daughter found her chief pleasure in play hours. When her father died, Miss Garis went to live with a sister in Windsor, Ills. Here she met and was married to William A. Cochran, who, during his life, was one of the most prominent men and politicians in that section. One child was born, who, with the husband and father, has been dead many years.

It was soon after her husband's death that Mrs. Cochran conceived the idea of a machine which would do the work that had become such a drudgery to so many women. She had no knowledge of drawing or the construction of a model or any of the principles of mechanism, yet she resolutely set about her task and never wavered until the conception was worked out in brass and iron, although it has taken 12 years and a fortune to do it.

It is a long jump from dishwashers to elevators, yet it is nothing less than a passenger elevator for elevated railway trains which Mrs. Cochran is now engaged in perfecting. The unique idea in this elevator is that the moving trains themselves lower and raise the elevators, an incoming train raising the elevator and the outgoing one lowering it. The need of passenger elevators in connection with elevated trains was forcibly impressed on Mrs. Cochran's mind one day, when, after a weary expedition in New York, she stood at the foot of the stairs at the elevated station—which wasn't elevated—and realized that before she could rest her weary self in a seat she must climb those stairs. Then the idea began to flounder round in her gray matter, and so intensely did it absorb the traveler's attention that the flight of stairs was climbed, a ticket bought for she knew not where, Brooklyn bridge was crossed, a couple more tickets bought and railway lines traversed before the dreamer waked and found herself in an unfamiliar part of the city and miles away from her destination.

"But," she says triumphantly, "my elevator was all but built!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Progressive Woman.

The superficial observer has confused the term new woman with the real progressive woman. It is the fashion to take women cranks, vulgar women who make a spectacle of themselves, women writers of vicious literature, and call them "new" women. This title is also indiscriminately applied to the women of broad and progressive culture. The real progressive woman disclaims the term "new." She is simply trying to develop herself as a human being along the lines designated by her nature and her surroundings. She is anxious that all other women should have the same opportunity for development. There is nothing really new about it. For 200 years a few women have insisted on becoming educated. During the last 50 years this class has increased, mainly through efforts along the lines of literature, art and philanthropy.

Among women who thus worked along individual lines are George Eliot, George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Florence Nightingale, Emily Faithfull, Julia Ward Howe, Dorothy Dix and Elizabeth Fry. Today this is a common type. The term "new" woman originated in England with Mrs. Lynn Linton and her kind, who are protesting against the advance of women in new fields. In this country this type was called "women's rights" women at that time.

After the term "new" was transplanted to this country it was taken up by the paragraphist. Then came the tricycle and bloomer craze, and the paragraphist applied the term indiscriminately, particularly to the woman who makes herself objectionable and conspicuous. On the other hand, the real progressive woman has the courage of her convictions and is simply carrying out her own individuality. Instead of household duties merely she has a larger sphere, a greater work in society. After all, she is the same woman of old, with the same loves and hatreds and family ties.—Ada C. Sweet.

Newest Styles In Collars.

Emma M. Hooper, in writing upon "Accessories For Dainty Gowns," in The Ladies' Home Journal, states that crush or stock collars will continue in style made of velvet, silk or satin, as woolen goods are usually too heavy to lie in loose folds. Rosettes at the sides are rather passe, but points of the same or a contrasting material form a pretty finish. These points are named after the Parisian modiste Paquin. One point is turned over on each side, being 1½ inches wide at the top and a sharp point at the bottom where it is even with the lower edge of the straight or crush collar. Another style has a crush collar, with two pointed tabs and a tiny knot on each side flaring out like a pair of bird's wings. For a demievening dress a collar that is very becoming to a short, full neck is of velvet, forming a deep point.

The ends meet in front under two small rosettes, and the back is three inches deep. To the edge of this is sewed ten inch lace, which is shown its full length front and back, while around the points it is only three inches below the velvet.

By adding this collar and a belt—crushed or shaped in a point—of velvet a house dress may be wonderfully freshened. Pretty collars and belts of No. 12 fancy figured or striped ribbon are made by shaping the center front with a V or dart. At the back the hooks and eyes are concealed by four loops on each side. Two long ones project sidewise and two shorter loops are thrust straight out backward. Then for further decoration straps of the ribbon may be added over the shoulders, ending half way to the belt back and front under a small bow, which may hold a fancy buckle.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton celebrated her eightieth birthday on the 12th inst., and the following letter from her, which appeared in the New York Sun of the 4th inst., explains itself:

With reference to an article in your journal of Nov. 1 allow me space in your columns to say that as the probable recipient of a proposed gift from a working women's club I do not share in the disapprobation of many as to the nature of the gift.

As a tribute of gratitude to one they may think has done much to open to them the world of work any useful garment should be acceptable. Whatever others may think of a robe de nuit, I do not see anything immodest or improper in such a gift, and I hasten to say this lest the working women's club should change its minds and send the traduced garment to the future Duchess of Marlborough, as none of the fashionable world nor the metropolitan press has expressed the slightest shock at the details of her wardrobe, although the most hidden mysteries have all been revealed.

Why should anybody be shocked by the garments worn in the sacred silence of the night, when the mind in sweet dreams wanders with the angels in the mysterious realm of the possibilities, when the thoughts of the sleeper may be more refined and exalted than in the glare of day or in an evening ball or reception?

All must admit that the robe de nuit is more modest than the fashionable evening dress and far more comfortable, graceful and artistic.

So, have no fears, dear girls, that I shall scorn your gift. With kind regards and sincere wishes that you may ever have good wages and plenty of work to do, cordially yours,

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The Passing of the Apron.

Although so much has been written about the advent of the bloomers as part of the new woman's dress, nothing has been said of the passing of the apron. Fifteen years ago the apron was an esteemed adjunct to the costume of every woman, no matter what station of life she might occupy. The fashion books supplied varying styles for the changing seasons and different occasions. There were bibless models and models with bibs. Pockets and strings marked evolutions in modes. Once the woman with a unique apron pattern achieved a temporary fame that was greater than that enjoyed by the wearer of the most outre bicycle suit of the present. Nothing so distinctly marks the change in the feminine character as this almost complete disappearance of the apron among the women who are today challenging attention.

Once every housewife was proud of her kitchen aprons of pretty gingham, her sewing aprons of sheerest lawn or linen, her fancy work aprons of dainty silk and lace. The apron was the badge of the housekeeper. The memories of its numerous vocations bring back a sort of heartsick feeling to the man who remembers the biscuits his mother used to make and the mittens his grandmother was accustomed to knit long ago. The new woman has no time to wear an apron. She has relegated it to the past, when her sex was in the thraldom of home. It belongs to the person who holds the position of nurse, cook or seamstress. It does not fit well with the bloomers. There is no place on the mannish waistcoat for the bib that was once so highly esteemed.—Philadelphia Times.

The New Woman.

A new woman has signally demonstrated her ability as a station agent under most trying circumstances. The Times recently called attention to the opinion of a prominent railway official, who asserted that at certain classes of railway stations he believed the services of women were more acceptable than those of men. It was not to be expected that he would indorse a plan to put women agents in stations where the bold bandit might attempt to take unjustifiable liberties with the property of the company, but this new woman has demonstrated the practical utility of such an arrangement if all new women are such as she is, and she wasn't the regular agent either.

This woman's name is Mrs. Lena Marshall of Baden, Cal. She was left temporarily in charge of the railway office at that place, and two bandits tried to raid the station. She started to draw a revolver when they entered and demanded the money in the safe, but one of them shot her through the arm. Undaunted, she emptied her weapon at the robbers, and they fled.

Another forward march in the struggle for woman's rights, another victory gained over poor, weak man, another example of woman's ability to do men's work successfully. Get out your notebooks, O suffragists! Here's a good point for your next speech. But masculine admiration of Mrs. Lena Marshall's courage and pluck will not be withheld. —Kansas City Times.

Too Many Beads.

A little black eyed seamstress appeared the other day in the office of a well known oculist, complaining of her eyes. "They are strong enough," said she, "but they hurt me."

"You have been focusing them," said he, looking critically into their depths, "upon some minute object for many hours at a stretch. There is coming a small furrow between your brows, and your eyes have a weak spot in the nerves at about sewing focus. Do you use the needle much?"

"I don't know," hesitated she, "whether you would call it much. I sewed jet beads upon 30 yards of white ribbon in wheel pattern, making a hand made trimming. Then I cut out the edges of the ribbon down to the beads and buttonholed both edges of the ribbon, keeping the in and out of the pattern, and then I fitted the beaded ribbon into a pattern of jet beads upon the back of a bodice. There were, I guess, a million beads, and I don't know how many buttonhole stitches. There wasn't one stitch as big as a machine stitch."

"Ah," said the oculist, "I understand. Go home. Know that you have paid the price of a lifelong neuralgia with that beaded strip. But women must be in the fashion."—Philadelphia Press.

Fads In Hatpins.

Hatpins are growing in elaborateness and expensiveness every day. Every conceivable design is made in rhinestones, silver, steel, gilt, gold and even jewels. A round ball seems the favorite conceit, and very effective it is in rhinestones, steel or what is called agate—a transparent blue glass, set with miniature jewels. The most useful and inexpensive black headed hatpin is no longer possible, alas! and if we cannot afford real jewels, gold or silver we must deck ourselves in gaudy imitations thereof or be considered hopelessly behind the times.

The designs in silver are very varied and sometimes grotesquely inappropriate. A small Cupid, poised on a ball, may be artistic, but is certainly not appropriate to hold on a hat, and yet this is only one of many equally remarkable pins.—New York Herald.

Paper Confetti at Weddings.

Rice at weddings is doomed. A correspondent informs us that in the upper ranks of society the vegetable grains are discarded and their place supplied by paper confetti. These articles are about half the size of an ordinary letter wafer and are stamped in all colors. They are soft and pleasant to the touch and fall upon the bride's shoulders like the gentle rain from heaven without wetting her dress or veil. The confetti can do no harm either to hat, clothes or face, and if a few stray down the back of a bridesmaid or the best man they cause no uneasiness at the breakfast table, for they can be sat upon with a delightful sense of ease. Exit rice; enter confetti.—Exchange.

Emily Malbone Morgan.

Miss Emily Malbone Morgan has written an interesting little story, entitled "A Poppy Garden," the scene of which is laid in the town of Blandford, Mass., about 20 miles from Lenox. From the profits of the sale of this little work Miss Morgan has been enabled for the last three years to support a home for working girls in Blandford.

The Fit of Coats.

A ladies' tailor says that coats should fit well about the armholes and neck to secure comfort as well as a good appearance. It is a mistake, too, to select too heavy a cloth to make these garments, as when lined with the lightest of lining the weight is trying. Nor are they any warmer than a lighter, closely woven cloth.

In a recent lecture on dress before the Hartford School of Sociology Mrs. Clara Colby of Washington, who is an authority on physical culture and hygienic dress, described the corset as the cause of more tumors than any other one thing.

Acre once meant any field. It is still used with this significance by the Germans, who speak of God's acre, alluding to the cemetery.

The language of a deaf mute is a thing that goes without saying.—Texas Siftings.

QUAINT OLD TOMES.

TWO BOOKS WHICH A NEWSPAPER MAN FOUND IN ENGLAND.

How Pennsylvania Was Boomed In Ye Olden Time—Its Climate, Soil and People Praised—A Schoolmaster's Textbook That Belonged to William Penn.

I have before me now two little books which have been lent to me for a few days, and which, I think, could hardly fail to interest any Pennsylvanian; so I shall endeavor to describe them as well as I can, as most people can never see them, both of them being rare and one being absolutely unique.

The first of these is a small duodecimo of not more than 100 pages, though the following title page might easily mislead one to expect rather a larger volume:

"An Historical and Geographical Account of the Province of Pennsilvania and of West New Jersey In America; the Richness of the Soil, the Sweetness of the Situation, the Wholesomeness of the Air, the Navigable Rivers and Others, the Prodigious Increase of Corn, the Flourishing Condition of the City of Philadelphia, With the Stately Buildings and Other Improvements There; the Strange Creatures, as Birds, Beasts, Fishes and Fowls, With the Several Sorts of Minerals, Stones and Purging Waters Lately Discovered; the Natives, Aborigines, Their Language, Religion, Laws and Customs; the First Planters, the Dutch, Swedes and English, With the Number of Inhabitants; as Also a Touch Upon George Keith's New Religion In His Second Change Since He Left the Quakers; With a Map of Both Countries. By Gabriel Thomas, Who Resided There About Fifteen Years. London: Printed and Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxon Arms, in Warwick Lane, 1698."

He explains in the preface that, as there never has been a fair or full account of "Pennsilvania," he thinks the curious will be gratified with an ample description. He explains why more has not been heard of it, predicts a thriving future and says he "could say much in praise of that sweet tract of land," but reserves it for the body of the book.

After this comes a small folded map, very interesting and signed Philip Lea, London. It represents "Pennsilvania" as consisting of only four counties—Bucks, Philadelphia, Chester and New Castle, with Virginia on the west, West New Jersey on the east, Maryland on the south and Canada on the north.

Some of the names are rather surprising. For instance, immediately opposite Philadelphia, on the Delaware, is a Dutch fort, and just back of that is a place called Yacomanshaghkings. In our own state the chief places seem to be Haverford, Darby, Plymouth, Germantown, West Town, Radnor, Newtown and Lewiston.

After the map 55 small pages are devoted to the description of Pennsylvania, from which we learn that, though the province is 300 miles in length by 180 in width, by far the greater part of it is still in the hands of the natives, who are "supposed by most people to have been of the Ten Scattered Tribes."

The Dutch came and traded, the Swedes and Finns came and settled, and finally William Penn came and founded Philadelphia, "a noble and beautiful city, which contains above 2,000 houses, all inhabited and most of them stately and of brick—generally three stories high, after the mode in London.

"Moreover, in this province are four great market towns—viz, Chester, the Germantown, New Castle and Lewistown."

Among the laws—for this author gives a synopsis of those also—perhaps the most striking is this: "Thieves of all sorts are obliged to restore fourfold, after they have been whipped and imprisoned, according to the nature of their crime, and if they be not of ability to restore fourfold they must be in servitude till 'tis satisfied."

I could give many more curious excerpts, but will content myself with one before passing on to the other book:

"The Christian children born here are generally well favored and beautiful to behold, being in the general observed to be better natured, milder and more tender hearted than those born in England."

The other book is still more rare. It is called "A New Primer, or Methodical Direction to Attain the True Spelling, Reading and Writing of English, Whereunto Are Added Some Things Necessary and Useful, Both For the Youth of This Province and Likewise For Those Who From Foreign Countries and Nations Come to Settle Among Us. By F. D. P. Printed by William Bradford in New York and sold by the Author in Pennsilvania."

The printed book itself is a curious little schoolbook, and is so rare that it is not mentioned by Allibone, who was himself a Philadelphian. But this particular copy is of especial and extraordinary interest because it has been bound up with about 30 blank pages, upon which the author, in most clear and beautiful manuscript, has written some very quaint things. It was especially bound for William Penn, with his initials and the date 1701 on the cover, and inside is a book plate bearing the Penn arms and motto, and "William Penn, Esquire, Proprietor of Pensylvania, 1703." It is worthy noting the three different forms of spelling the name of the province used by those two different authors and by Penn himself. —Birmingham (England) Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Unwilling to Experiment.

She—No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have had your salary increased.

He (pleadingly)—But two can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie.

She—Yes, I know, that's what people say. As a matter of fact, they have to. —Somerville Journal.

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

The Popular Operatic Comedian Who Will Shortly Become a Star.

By all odds the most prominent operatic comedian in this country who is not a star is Jefferson De Angelis, now an important member of the Della Fox Opera company.

Jefferson De Angelis was born in San Francisco some years ago. He has a son a good deal taller than himself and is rather sensitive about naming the exact date of his natal debut. His first appearance on the stage was made at the decidedly early age of 6 months, when he appeared as a property baby. The records do not show whether or not he "scored a hit," but as all actors do, it is to be presumed that Baby De Angelis was no exception to the rule. The embryonic comedian's first recollection of an audience was in 1864 in a "theater" which occupied the second floor of a building at the corner at Clay and Kearney streets, San Francisco. Among the members of the company of that humble resort were Maggie Moore and Lotta.

For about 15 years thereafter De Angelis traveled with his father and sister in

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

this country giving little sketches and one act dramas. In 1880, the elder De Angelis having died, the two children went to Australia on a starring tour in a repertory of plays which proved eminently successful. They then organized a comic opera company, which they took to China, India, South Africa, Ceylon, Japan and other remote countries. During this tour Miss De Angelis died, and in 1884 Jefferson returned to San Francisco en route to New York. For two years he accepted the few engagements offering, until, in 1886, his first real opportunity arrived, when he became a member of the McCaull company, the best light opera organization this country has ever seen.

After three years' hard work in the several operas presented by McCaull, Mr. De Angelis joined the forces of the New York Casino, which was then in the heyday of its glory. He remained there three seasons. After one year in the principal comedy role of "The Prodigal Daughter," of which he was the bright particular star, although not so named on the bills, he cast his fortunes with Della Fox in "The Little Trooper." He has been with her ever since except for a summer engagement with Lillian Russell. In "Fleur de Lys" Mr. De Angelis has achieved a veritable triumph.

De Angelis' methods are all his own. He manages to extract humor from lines which are apparently all but dismal. He is truly called "the comedian whom no librettist has been able to obscure." If his starring tour next season should not prove successful, it will serve to demonstrate the fact that nothing can be safely predicted with reference to theatricals.

The Pneumatic Boxing Glove.

The latest thing in boxing circles is the pneumatic glove. A trial bout in Philadelphia recently between William H. Rocap, once amateur featherweight champion, and Harry P. Birchall of the Vesper Boat club demonstrated that by the use of the pneumatic glove two boxers could cut as fast a pace as they wanted without any likelihood of serious danger and at the same time give an interesting exhibition of the art of boxing.

The $100,000 Axtell as a Sire.

Axtell's first pacing colt is the 3-year-old Esteem, 2:24¼. With champion speed honors to his credit, Axtell is now a record breaker as a sire. At 9 years of age he has to his credit 21 standard performers, and it is a remarkable fact that all of them went into the list either as 2 or 3 year olds. In 1894 Axtell put more 2-year-olds in the 2:30 list than were ever before credited to any sire in one season.

The New England Railroad Co

Passenger Train Service, October 20, 1895
Trains leave 329-333 Meadow st, Waterbury for
Boston—3:45, 7:30 a. m.; 12:55, 1:25 p. m.
Providence—3:45, 7:30 a. m; 1:00, 3:55 p. m.
New York via Brewsters—8:05 a. m; 2:10, p. m.
Worcester—3:45, 7:30 a. m, 12:55, 1:25 p.m.
New London—3:45, 7:30 a.m, 12.55, 3:55 p.m.
Putnam—3:45, 7:30 a.m, 12:25, 1:55, 3:55 p.m
Willimantic—3:45, 7:30 a. m, 1:00, 3:55 p.m.
Rockville—7:30, 10:55 a.m; 12:55, 3:55 p.m.
Manchester—7:30, 10:55 a.m; 12:55, 3:55 p.m.
Springfield Branch—9:05 a. m; 3:55 p. m.
Hartford—3:45, 7:30, 9:05, 10:55 a. m; 12.55, 3:55, 8:15 p. m.
New Britain—3:45, 7:30, 9:05, 10.55 a. m.; 12:55 1:25, 3:55, 8:15 p. m.
Plainville—3:45, 7:30, 9:05, 10:55 a. m.; 12:55 1.25, 3:55, 8:15 p. m.
Bristol—3:45, 7:30, 9:05, 10:55 a. m; 12:55 1.25 3.55, 8:15 p. m.
Terryville—7:30, 9:05, 10:55 a. m; 12:55, 1:25, 3:55, 8:15 p. m.
Waterville—7:30, 9,05, 10:55 a. m; 1:25 3:55, 8:15 p.m.
West Cheshire—4:40, 8:40 a. m.; 4:30 p.m.
Meriden—4:30, 8:40 a.m.; 4:30 p.m. (Dublin street station 5:00, 8:52 a. m; 5:00 p. m.
Cromwell—8:40 a. m; 4:30 p.m. (Dublin street station—8:52a. m; 5:00 p. m.)
Union City—8:05 a. m; 5:50 p. m.
Towantic—8:05 a. m; 5:50 p. m.
Southford—8:05 a. m; 2:10 p. m.
Pomperaug Valley—8:05 a. m, 2:10, 5:50 p. m.
Sandy Hook—8:05 a. m; 2:10, 5:50 p. m.
Hawleyville—8:05 a. m; 2:10, 5:50 p. m.
Danbury—8:05 a. m; 2:10, 5:50, 11:35 p. m.
Brewsters—8:05 a. m; 2:10, 5:50 p. m.
Poughkeepsie via Hopewell—8:05 a. m; 2:10, 11:35 p. m.
Fishkill on Hudson—8:05 a. m; 2:10 p. m.
Binghampton, Elmira, Jamestown, Cleveland, Akron and Chicago—8:05 a. m; 2:10 p. m.
Sunday trains — Hartford — 3:45, a. m; 3:45 p. m.
Boston—3:45 a. m.
W. R. BABCOCK, Gen Pass Ag't, Boston.

N. Y. N. H. & Hartford R. R.

Naugatuck Division. June 16, 1895.
New York—6:05, 8:12, 10:50 a. m.; 1:28, 3:25, 6:08 p. m.; Sunday 7:15 a. m., 4:15 p. m. Return 5:00, 8:00, 10:03 a.m; 1:02, 4:02, 6:00 p. m; Sunday 6:00 a. m; 5:00 p. m.
New Haven via Derby Junction—6.05, 8.12, 10.50 a. m., 1.28, 3.25, 6.08 p. m. Return via Derby junction, 7.00, 9.40 a. m.; 12.00, 2.27, 5:35, 7.50 p. m.; Sunday 8.10 a. m., 6.15 p. m. (via Naugatuck junction.)
Bridgeport—6:05, 8:12, 10:50 a. m. 1:28, 3:25, 6:08 p. m.; Sunday 7:15 a. m.; 4.15 p. m. Return at 7.08, 9.40, a. m.; 12.00, 2.33, 5.35, 7.40 p. m. Sunday, 8.15 a. m.; 6.30 p. m.
Ansonia—6.05, 8.12, 10.50 a. m.; 1.28, 3.25, 6.08 7.00 (mixed), p. m. Sunday 7.15 a. m.; 4.15 p. m. Return at 7.43, 10.21 a. m.; 12.31, 3.06, 6.13, 8.20 p. m. Sunday, 8.46 a. m.; 7.02 p. m.
Watertown—6.40, 8.38, 11.17 a. m.; 1.30, 3.58, 6.12, 7.03 p. m. Saturday, 9.15 p. m. Return at 6.20, 7.40, 10.20 a. m.; 12.45, 2.50, 4.35, 6.30 p. m. Saturday, 7.35 p. m.
Thomaston—8.33, 11.12 a. m.; 3.53, 6.58 p. m. Sunday 9:25 a.m. Return at 7:43, 10:23 a.m; 2:55, 5:41 p.m; Sunday 3.47 p.m
Torrington—8.33, 11.12 a. m.; 3.53, 6.58 p. m. Sunday 9.25 a. m, Return at 7.20, 10 a. m.; 2.30, 5.18 p. m. Sunday 3.23 p. m.
Winsted—8.33, 11.12 a. m.; 3.53, 6.58 p. m. Sunday 9.25 a. m. Return at 7.00, 9.40 a. m.; 2.05, 4.55, p. m. Sunday 3 p. m.
C. T. HEMPSTEAD, Gen Pass Agent.

Waterbury Fire Alarm.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

12—Rogers & Bros.
13—Cor East Main and Niagara streets.
14—East Main street and Wolcott road.
15—Corner High and Walnut streets.
16—Corner East Main and Cherry streets.
17—Corner East Main and Cole streets.
21—Cor North Elm and Kingsbury streets
23—Cor North Elm, North Main and Grove streets.
24—Waterbury Manufacturing company, (private.)
25—Cor North Main and North streets.
26—Cor Buckingham and Cooke streets.
27—Cor Grove and Prospect streets.
28—Cor Hillside avenue and Pine streets.
29—Cor Johnson and Waterville streets.
212—The Platt Bros & Co, (private.)
214—Waterbury Clock Co, Movement Factory, (private.)
3—Exchange Place.
32—Cor West Main and Willow streets.
34—Cor West Main and Watertown road.
35—Traction Co stables, (private.)
36—Waterbury Brass Co, (private.)
37—Cor Cedar and Meadow streets.
38—Cor Grand and Field streets.
312—Cor Bank and Meadow streets.
313—Randolph & Clowes, (private.)
314—Plume & Atwood Co, (private.)
318—Holmes, Booth & Hayden, (private.)
321—No 4 Hose house.
324—Cor Charles and Porter streets.
325—Cor Simon street and Washington avenue.
4—Cor South Main and Grand streets.
42—Cor South Main and Clay streets.
43—Waterbury Watch Co, (private.)
45—Benedict & Burnham Co, (private.)
46—Waterbury Buckle Co, (private.)
47—Cor South Main and Washington Sts.
412—Tracy Bros and others, (private.)
5—Scovill Manufacturing Co, [private.]
52—Cor of Franklin and Union streets.
53—Waterbury Clock Co, case factory (private.)
54—Cor Clay and Mill streets.
56—Cor Liberty and River streets.
57—No 5 Hose house.
58—Cor Baldwin and Stone streets.
6—Cor Bridge and Magill streets.
62—Cor Doolittle Alley and Dublin streets.